

Volume IX, Number 1

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This is COSTAGUANA, a penny-ante magazine of postal Diplomacy and awkward altruism published tri-weekly, once I get my damned schedule straight, by Conrad F. von Metzke, P.O. Box 27273, San Diego, CA 92128-0926. There is no such thing as a game fee for the simple reason that, for now, I intend to spend my time salvaging orphan games. Subscription rate: Free to players and standbys, 10 issues for 97.50 Austrian Schillings otherwise. Trades: No thanks, unless I've approached you.

FOR THE NEXT MOVE ONLY, I regret that I will not be reachable by 'phone. You are respectfully requested and instructed to disregard the telephone number you've been given. If you really must, you may call me at work - just this once, I will never again accept moves at work - on deadline day between 8:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. Pacific time. Ask for me personally. The number (it is a postal service facility) is (619) 487-6384.

Calling me at the number you got from me in previous letters will only lead to dire embarrassment. I beg you to take this plaint to heart.

STANDBY PLAYERS: The one game going in this magazine doesn't have any, and I really think it would be wise to get one or two. Unfortunately, I'm not in touch with a sufficient segment of the hobby yet to dredge them up on my own. So! - if any of you is in any other game, could I ask you to solicit at leasdt one of your fellow players to take on them job? I have always offered my reliable standbys a bribe, and you're authorized to offer it too: Each is entitled to a free spot in the next original game I start. And in spite of what I wrote above, there will be one of those within a few months - if nothing else, in order to pay the standbys!

IT IS AN ELECTION YEAR, and being utterly fascinated with politics, I trust you won't shoot me if I babble from time to time on the subject. (You may too, if you're nuts enough.) I should begin by pointing out that I almost always lose. I remain an unrepentant liberal idealist, and in an era when liberal idealism is on a popularity par with botulism, I am not expecting a landslide my way. I nevertheless hope, and try.

Asm a paractical matter, I've already lost two. George McGovern is gone, and John Anderson might as well be. Gary Hart looked interesting briefly, but I don't see him sustaining. So I think it will be Walter against Ronald, and while on the issues I can easily embrace Mondale, I think he is destined to be a disaster. He is boring. He is tainted with Jimmy the Peanut. He appears (whether validly or not) to be owned by the AFL-CIO, whose popularity is about on a par with liberal idealism. He is, in sum, a nice enough nonentity who gives us a lot of somebody else's great ideas and makes us so eager to rush out and vote for him that we will all m likely schedule something much more fun for that day, like a dental appointment.

This country is getting desperate. We need a leader, and we just aren't getting any lately. Therem is a tendency thesem days toward a certain sameness, an overall blandness not only of candidates but of society in general. This may serve to unify us in some ways, but it also causes a pablum-like boredom that is rapidly undermining the foundation of excitement that I vaguely remember we once had.

Are any of you excited about our lives any more? (You'll hardly be representative, of course; Diplomacy players tend to be far more sophisticated than the average of the populace.) Do you feel impelled to a cause? If you could choose the Presidential candidates this year, is there anyone (of any stripe) who would actually turn you on?

Am I wrong, I hope, about my "social oatmeal" theory?

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## THE GAME

The Austrian retreat was to Albania. And, in the Spring 1902 printout, there were three idiotic errors:

- 1. The Russian move f con-aeg succeeded.
- 2. As an extension of that, so did the Turkish a smy-con.
- 3. The French order f par-mid (sure!) is, of course, f por-mid.

GERMANY TO ALL: The Kaiser wishes to announce that he will be indisposed (hopefully in the inebriate sense) between 23-31 March. That should explain any slow mail.

JAMUL ((that's the dateline of the Editor, guys)): Not to worry. The idiot who purports to run this game has enough troubles getting his schedule organized that, by the time the preceding notice expires, it won't have been relevant anyway.

## 1983AC - Fall 1902

Note: My notation system differs very slightly from your previous gamesmaster's, but only in mechanics, not in substance. Everything is lower case. Underlined fail; others succeed.

AUSTRIA (Robson): a vie-boh. <u>a tri-ven</u>. a ser (s) alb-gre. <u>a rum (s) RUS</u> ukr-sev. f alb-gre.

ENGLAND (Pustilnik): a hol (s) FRE bel-ruh. a nwy-stp. f bar (s) nwy-stp. f nth-nwy.

FRANCE (Lancaster): a pic-bur. a bur-bel. a bel-hol. a gas-bur. f midnat. f spa sc - mid.

GERMANY (Fleming): a kie (s) FRE bel-hol. & ruh-mun. f den (s) RUS swe.

ITALY (Palter): a ven (s) AUS vie-tyo. a tun (h). f ion (s) AUS alb-gre.

RUSSIA (Walker): a mos-war. a ukr (s) TUR sev-rum. f aeg-ion. f swe-nwy.

TURKEY (Walters): a bul (s) gre. a con (s) bul. a sev (h). f gre (h).

The same

Retreat: English a hol to ruh or off the board.

## 1902 SUPPLY CENTRES:

- A: vie, tri, bud, ser, rum (5). Even.

  E: lon, lvp, edi, nwy, stp (5). Build one (or two if retreat is o.t.b.)

  F: par, bre, mar, spa, por, bel, hol (7). Build one.

  G: kie, mun, ber, den (4). Build one.

  I: ven, rom, nap, tun (4). Build one.

  R: mos, war, swe (3). Remove one.

  T: con, smy, ank, sev, bul, gre (6). Build two.
- Build and removal orders  $\underline{\text{may}}$  be conditional on the English retreat, and all of these items must be into me

NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1984.

Resolutions for future issues:

- 1. Buy a bottle of white-out.
- 2. Get a standby player or two.
- 3. Stockpile a few more nukes; the more we can destroy ourselves, the safer we are....

M. Care